

# SOMEWHERE EVERY ONE MAY HAVE CHRISTMAS

Good Old New York Opens Its Heart, as Usual, and Provides Dinners and Clothing for Its Needy Army.

## YULETIDE SPIRIT GRIPS COUNTRY

New York stopped long enough in the hurry and whirl of late shopping and business vexations yesterday, to show that deep down within the city of steel and granite had a great, warm, glowing heart.

Many little incidents happened "the day before Christmas," which proved that men and women are human, after all. Those who have no money need not be without at least some Christmas cheer, for all over the city there are dinners and clothing and welcome for the needy.

Many letters to Santa have fallen into hands happy to fulfil the none too modest wishes of the juvenile minds that composed them.

The Board of Aldermen found one of its former members in want and made him and his family happy with gifts and a job.

### FINAL RUSH OF XMAS MAIL MAKES REGISTRY MEN WAIL

In the final rush of Christmas mail yesterday, long lines of persons formed around all the registry windows in the main postoffice, and anxious inquiries were heard as to whether a package mailed at this late hour had still a chance of reaching the addressee this morning.

"I could not tell you," was the answer of an elderly clerk at the registry window, who was asked by a young woolly-headed citizen whether the boon he was sending to a fair damsel uptown would be delivered this morning.

"Can't you make a guess at it?" the young man persisted, in an effort to pacify his own misgivings.

"Never again," said the clerk. "I did that in former years, and you ought to have heard what I got for the very few wrong guesses I made. A few days after Christmas last year a man rushed to my window and demanded what right I had to tell him that his package might be delivered in time. If I hadn't said it he would have sent it by messenger, he declared, and to cap off the matter he growled before he left:

"I suppose you are satisfied now that you have spoiled my friend's Christmas."

And the clerk refused to guess again, repeating to each questioner that safe formula, "I don't know."

### KEPT WRONG EYE OPEN AND SANTA SLIPPED IN.

Last Christmas Eve and many Christmas eves before that, Isidor Baskin lay in his cot beside his younger brother, Max, on the top floor of a Rivington street flat and slept with one eye open. It wasn't always the same eye that Isidor kept on duty, for the man who always showed up around 9 o'clock with both fists full of fine sand was there as usual, and Isidor's eyes somehow got full of sand, like they did when he was as small as Max. But last Christmas he managed, with the aid of his increasing years, to keep one eye in commission all the evening long, so that he might get a glimpse of Santa Claus. Isidor had studied out the problem of entrances and exits to the Baskin flat, and had assured himself that the chimney was entirely out of the question.

Something unusual had happened yesterday when Isidor peered out of his window. Rivington street was buried inches deep beneath a white mantle. It meant two things to Isidor—plenty of hard work and per-haps, a chance to get a sled ride before bedtime. Life for Isidor yesterday was just one shovelful of snow after another.

"Hurry up, lazy boy!" shrieked Isidor's mother from the window high above. "Don't you see the policeman standing down by Chrystie street? He'll be up here before you get that walk clean already."

Isidor bent his little back and shivered like mad. No sooner had he finished his own walk than he must hurry down and clean the grocer's at the corner of Norfolk street. It was 4 o'clock and dark when he came home to supper with 75 cents in his pocket. Isidor ate his bread and butter listlessly. Even his cup of tea didn't bring back his spirits, nor even the thoughts of Santa Claus. He fell fast asleep at 10 o'clock and dreamed about tunnelling his way through mountains of snow over which Santa Claus was trying in vain to guide his feet of reindeer.

Then suddenly he awoke, rubbed his eyes and sprang out of bed. There at the foot of the steep stairs were the huge boot tracks of Santa Claus in little hillocks of snow. The old fellow had skirted the steepest snow mountain of Isidor's dreams, reached

Rivington street via the Williamsburg Bridge, touched the tenement house roofs and entered the Baskin flat. When Isidor really and truly woke up he was crying.

Papa Baskin crept out of the room without brushing the snow from his boots, and when Isidor dreamed again he was sliding down long hills of popcorn on the very best red sled he had seen in the windows of Allen street in all his life.

### A CASE FOR THE "SPUGS" VIGILANCE COMMITTEE

Who has not at one time or other writhed on receiving a particularly inappropriate gift? A poor East Side washerwoman did write yesterday, although she may not have realized what she was doing. This woman, a widow, supports a large family by the work of her hands. Yesterday when she delivered the nicely ironed



week's wash to a wealthy woman who lives in a big West Side apartment house her patron handed her a pink silk boudoir cap, saying she could wear it when she went to a theatre, or when she took her breakfast in bed!

### JAMES M. LEOPOLD SANTA TO POLIEMEN AND FIREMEN

James M. Leopold, banker, of No. 7 Wall street, is not only "strong" for New York's firemen and everything about the city's fire department, but policemen are his favorites also. Giving each of several hundred policemen a box of handkerchiefs at Christmas has been Mr. Leopold's hobby for years. A friend of the banker said yesterday that he had probably given away at this time of the year more than a hundred thousand handkerchiefs. The recipients are mostly men in the Traffic Squad and policemen along Broadway and Fifth avenue with whom the banker makes friends as he walks or motors.

The banker's other hobby, which is at once his wife's despair and delight, is turning over their house, at No. 337 West 84th street, to several hundred firemen and their families on Christmas Eve. Mr. Leopold has been a "Dut" since he was a boy. For sixteen years a great Christmas tree and hundreds of presents have made the banker's house famous to the children of firemen.

Mrs. Leopold says the function has grown to such proportions that next year they will have to hire a hall for the purpose.

### BOYS AS KRIS KRINGLE GIVE AWAY DICTIONARIES.

The mystery created by three small boys, the oldest about fourteen, who have stood outside the Montague street branch of the Brooklyn Public



Library, every afternoon, after school hours, for the last month, will be solved by the hundreds or so boys whose names and addresses they have taken during that time.

These three boys, the sons of wealthy parents, took it upon themselves to play Santa Claus to their less fortunate little brothers. Every poorly dressed boy who left the library during their vigil was approached and asked if he owned a dictionary. Invariably the reply was negative. Then one of the trio would request his name and address and jot it down. All yesterday the three boys were busy wrapping and addressing the small dictionaries.

### LETTER TO SANTA GOES ASTRAY BUT GETS RESULTS

This is a story, not of Helen of Troy, but of Helen of Yonkers, and it has to do with Christmas, and while it is being read little Helen will be enjoying such a visit from Santa Claus as she never had before.

Helen is small, and she has no father or mother, but she firmly believes in the white-wiskered old saint, for when she awoke to-day in the little flat where she lives with her grandmother she saw big packages and bundles lying at the foot of her bed. A blond-haired doll looked at Helen shyly, bags of bright colored candy

lay awaiting Helen's rosy fingers and a warm red hood, coat, mittens and leggings lay ready for her.

Helen blinked for several minutes before she could believe her eyes, and then she gave a scream of delight and began to unwrap the presents. After she had examined everything the story



of how Santa Claus had left all the wonderful things came out.

Helen had written a letter to Santa Claus, in which she asked him to bring her some presents. She addressed the letter to No. 9 Dock street, where the Commissioner of Charities formerly had his office. Now the Yonkers Electric Light and Power Company occupies the place, and when John P. Radcliffe, jr., manager, received the letter he was touched. He read the little note aloud to employees of the firm, and a fund was made up. Many things were bought, and last night Mr. Radcliffe's assistant trudged through snow-drifts to Helen's home and left the big bundles as the tiny girl slept.

Mr. Radcliffe would not tell Helen's last name or address when asked about his impersonation of Kris Kringle last night.

### ALLAN RYAN, ON SICKBED, SENDS 1,000 XMAS GIFTS

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.] Hartford, Conn., Dec. 24.—One thousand employees of Allan A. Ryan, president of the Royal Typewriter Company, of this city, received substantial good cheer and Christmas tokens to-day from his bed in the General Memorial Hospital, in New York, where he lies critically ill.

Every Royal foreman received a generous bonus, and every employee of five years or more was the recipient of a personal letter of congratulation and felicitation from Mr. Ryan. In addition, all the employees received silver plated safety razors, with a Christmas card on which was engraved Mr. Ryan's name.

In a bulletin issued at 9:30 o'clock last night the doctors in attendance on Allan A. Ryan announced no change in his condition. They seemed satisfied with the progress made so far. Members of the immediate family spent the afternoon with the patient and his wife remained at the bedside the early part of the evening.

### YONKERS PRISON PROVIDES FIRST XMAS FOR BOY OF 9

Ashley Cantrell, nine years old, of No. 55 Meeker avenue, Brooklyn, will have his first Christmas tree to-day, and he will have it in the Yonkers City Prison, where he is held as a juvenile



delinquent. He was arrested in Yonkers on Thanksgiving Day with his father, George Cantrell, whom he helped rob Public School 1. The lad said his father taught him to steal, and used him like Oliver Twist, having him crawl in windows and assist in burglaries. The father is now in jail at White Plains.

"I never had a Christmas tree, and I suppose Santa Claus won't come to a boy in jail," observed the lad a few days ago. But when he awakes this morning he will find that he was mistaken.

Lieutenant "Jack" Cahill, who has no children of his own, took up a collection among the policemen and last night Mrs. Catherine Brady, the matron, trimmed a big Christmas tree, set up in the squad room. When the boy comes from his room in the women's section of the prison this morning he will find the tree laden with gifts, including a soldier suit, a sled, a train and other toys galore.

The boy's mother is dead, and he says he has helped his father steal for four years. After the holidays he will be sent to a home in Port Chester. He is delighted to be arrested. "I can go to school now," he said.

### ALDERMEN MAKE OLD COMRADE'S FAMILY HAPPY

Members of the Board of Aldermen were able yesterday to bring some Christmas cheer to a former colleague. Indeed, had it not been for the thoughtfulness of the aldermen this ex-city father, his wife and seven children would not only have been without any Christmas presents, but would have been without nourishing food and warm clothing.

This man, who has fallen upon hard days, surprised some of his old friends in the board yesterday when he told of his miserable condition. He did not ask for charity. He simply wanted them to use their good offices to get him a place as checker on the snow removal job. He thought he might earn enough money on that during the night to buy a little simple food for the wife and little ones. He would have been satisfied with that. Unhappily, there was nothing left in that line, and the poor fellow left the City Hall discouraged.

to the little family when the purchasers arrived.

Later word was received that a place as checker had become vacant and the former alderman will be able to earn a little money to still further keep the wolf from the door.

"Poor Jones (that is not his name) was a policeman before he became a member of the Board of Aldermen," said one of the members of the board last night. "There are lots of loose talk about the amount of money that policemen and aldermen are able to earn over and above their salaries. The destitute condition of Jones is refutation of such slanders in one case, at least."

### YULETIDE SPIRIT MAKES MAGISTRATES VERY LENIENT

As is usual on Christmas Eve, a number of men were arraigned last night before Magistrate Campbell, in the Men's Night Court, on charges of intoxication. The court, imbued with the Yuletide spirit, was lenient, discharging the majority of those arraigned without imposing fines, but advising that they lie to their homes and spend a quiet Christmas with their families.

The magistrate's sympathy was aroused when a man, bent under the weight of years, was arraigned. He was Jack Burk, sixty-five years old.

"Burk, where is your home?" asked the court.

"I have none," was the reply.

"And your occupation?"

"I have none."

Burk was arrested at Broadway and 4th street and was arraigned on a charge of intoxication.

"Do you know what day this is?" asked Magistrate Campbell.

"Yes, it is the day before Christmas."

Sergeant "Dan" Fogarty, formerly leader of the police band, furnished music in the shape of a violin solo, but the big feature of the evening came when "The Evening News" sang "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Detective John Barron and Patrolman Walter Carroll also sang, and Captain James Gillen, who is in charge of the precinct, passed around the cigars. The evening closed with everybody joining in "Auld Lang Syne."

"Christmas Eve," replied the prisoner.

"Do you know what Christmas means?"

"Once I knew," replied the prisoner, "but I don't now."

"Burk, if I discharged you, do you think you could leave the drink alone?" asked the court. "Could you begin the new year anew?"

The prisoner thought he could.

"You're discharged," announced the court.

Burk's wrinkled face was enveloped in a smile as he limped away from the magistrate's bench, with the eyes of the court following him sympathetically. He turned. His thin hands held a tattered hat nervously.

"Your honor, I wish you a merry Christmas—a merry New Year—many, many of them," he said with emotion.

"Thank you, the same to you, many of them," said the court.

### MAIL FROM STATEN ISLAND AS YULETIDE BEER IS LOST

How would you like to be a camel? That is the fate which overhangs the beer loving portion of Staten Island's citizenship. The beer is reported lost somewhere between St. George's Ferry landing and Perth Amboy, and many receding parties have been sent out, but up to a late hour last night Staten Island was a beerless, barren island.

The reason for this wail is attributed to the fact that several beer laden trucks which had started out into the storm yesterday morning seemed to be lost. What became of them is not known, as frantic wireless appeals failed to bring any response. From records of the shipping clerks at the breweries a fleet of more than thirty wagons are struggling through the drifting snow.

Bulletin—1:30 a. m., December 25.—(Special to The Tribune.)—Rumors reached St. George, Staten Island, this morning that a keg of beer, lying away in a snow-drift, had been seen from Cape Kill von Kull. A lifesaving crew have manned a boat and will attempt to rescue it.

### ALIENS ON FIVE LINERS HELD BACK BY STORM

Five liner-loads of immigrants will spend their Christmas at the very door of their new home without being permitted to cross the threshold. This being a holiday, Uncle Sam's force of inspectors at Ellis island is resting, and the aliens who came on the transatlantic vessels which arrived yesterday must wait until to-morrow before they can land.

Several of the ships made the Hook late Monday night or early yesterday morning, but the snowstorm held them imprisoned in the Lower Bay until far along in the day, and when they finally reached their piers it was too late to transship the immigrants. The Christmas mail which they brought was landed too late for distribution yesterday. The liners are the Martha Washington, from Bremen; the Lapland, from Antwerp; the Rotterdam, from Rotterdam; and the Amerika, from Hamburg.

On the Amerika to-day the immigrants will be served with a special Christmas dinner by the company. Similar festivities will be held on the other liners.

### GOOD SAMARITAN TAKES BOY IN SNOWBANK TO SANTA

That being blown about as a reed in a heavy snowstorm like the one of yesterday morning does not drive away the visions of Santa Claus from a child's mind was illustrated yesterday. A good natured pedestrian was breasting his way down Third avenue, Brooklyn, to the elevated station at 66th street in the face of the driving snow, when he heard the wailing of a very small boy in distress. The cries came from a youngster of not more than four years, who had been blown into a snowbank. When he was rescued by the wayfarer and asked where he was going, he tearfully explained his fears.

"I wanna go to the kin'garden; I wanna go to the kin'garden." The rescuer wished to take him home, but the boy said he must go to the kindergarten for Santa Claus was there to give him something.

### FIND WIDOW IN POVERTY IN OLD FARMHOUSE

Charles D. Steuer, Jr., of No. 3719 Willet avenue, The Bronx, and his fiancée, Miss Elsie V. Askey, were coming into West Farms on the old Boston Road yesterday when they came upon a boy carrying a bunch of holly. When questioned he started to run, as if in fear of being robbed. Mr. Steuer overtook him and discovered that he meant to sell the holly at a grocer's to get money with which to buy Christmas gifts for his sister and food for his widowed mother and himself.

Steuer accompanied the boy to his home, a ramshackle old farmhouse near Mount Vernon, where he found a family in great poverty—a widow, a girl of six and the boy, eleven years old. He offered the woman aid, which she refused, but finally agreed to accept it, for the sake of her children, on condition that her name was not disclosed. Steuer and Miss Askey drove back to The Bronx and spent \$30 for toys, candy and a Christmas dinner and had them sent to the house.

### POLICE HAVE XMAS TREE LOADED WITH SUBPENAS

For the first time in the history of the East Side police the men of the 28th Precinct had a Christmas tree. Patrolman Charles Buckhardt, realizing that some of the men had homes far away, bought a four-foot tree, trimmed and decorated it and set it up on a table in the station house. He loaded it with subpoenas purporting to have been issued from the District Attorney's office. These and an occasional warrant took the place of gifts.

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### NEWPORT GETS RICH GIFT

George Gordon King Presents Family Homestead to City.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.] Newport, R. I., Dec. 24.—As a Christmas gift to Newport George Gordon King, through a letter sent to Mayor Patrick J. Boyle, to-day has presented to the city the property known as the King homestead, occupying a whole city block and which has a tax value of \$105,520. The property has been in the hands of the King family for years, and passed to Mr. King a long time ago. He has not occupied the brick villa for a year, since moving to his house in Oakwood Terrace, where he owns other property.

In his letter Mr. King states that he has decided that it would give him great pleasure to present the property to the city to be used as a public park and playground. He, therefore, formally offers it for that purpose, making two reservations. He has offered to the People's Library the house and a large garage, with 7,500 feet of land, to the Civic League for its general use. Should these gifts not be accepted, then Mr. King agrees to clear the land and turn the whole into a park.

### 10,000 RECEIVE GIFTS Women and Children Besiege Armory for Toys and Food.

A clamoring crowd of ten thousand women and children, a little group of whom were found huddled in the chilly entrance of the 6th Regiment Armory before daybreak yesterday morning, were supplied with toys and Christmas presents there yesterday, representing an outlay of nearly \$30,000. The sum was raised by public subscriptions and vaudeville entertainments in uptown theatres.

Frederick Townsend Martin, Lyon Nicoll, Mrs. Nelson Henry and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, representing "The American," through whose agency the money was raised, were on hand during the afternoon helping the volunteer corps pass out the toys.

Each of the ten thousand got a basket of vegetables, a fresh loaf of bread and a plump chicken. Coffee, bouillon, pudding and candy also were supplied. Then all the packages were tied up, and the crowd, chattering thanks in a dozen different languages, bore their gifts away. The arrangements were so perfect that each one who came with a card received a dime for carfare. Most of the women and children seemed dazed at their good fortune, but their faces bore smiles of genuine Christmas magnitude as they left the armory. Mr. Martin was in his element as he passed out loaves, chickens and smiles. Incidentally, besides volunteering his services yesterday, he helped in a financial way and ran a "social branch" of the Christmas fund which brought in a good part of the funds.

### ARMY'S "BOYS" GET A TREE

Candles and Gifts Brighten Salvation Headquarters.

Captain E. J. Brandisfield, of the Salvation Army, under whose direction the work at the army's Industrial Home, No. 335 West 48th street, is conducted, surprised the two hundred or more "boys" last night who make the home their headquarters by having a Christmas tree for them. The oldest of the boys, Jim Cullen, is only seventy-four, but Captain Brandisfield and Staff Captain McGee saw the power of a boyhood reminder, and so a good-sized spruce was set up and trimmed with the regulation ornaments, not excluding candles, which were duly lighted when the "boys" came in for the Christmas Eve festivities.

### BOGUS MINCEMEAT SEIZED

Uncle Sam Watchful Lest Xmas Pies Be Not Real.

Kansas City, Dec. 24.—Uncle Sam is watching to see that the mince pies this Christmas are the real thing. A deputy United States marshal seized twelve barrels containing 729 gallons of stuff labelled "mincemeat" this afternoon. An analysis by the government pure food department showed that it contained no meat, but consisted of currants and chopped apples, with a kind of filler that looked and smelled like mincemeat.

The barrels were shipped to Kansas City by a Louisville company. The purchaser informed the government agents that he had been deceived.

## VICTIM OF BROKEN NECK TO WALK OUT TO-DAY

Waldorf Miller, Hurt on July 3, 1911, Plans Novel Christmas Celebration.

Waldorf Miller, who, contrary to the predictions of many physicians, has lived for nearly eighteen months with a broken neck, will celebrate Christmas by going for his first walk in the street since the night of July 3, 1911, when he dived from the rocks at Hudson Park, New Rochelle.

For several weeks he has been walking on crutches in the house, and recently he led the grand march, supported by two friends, at a ball given for his benefit in New Rochelle. To-day he intends to venture out alone. Long after his accident he was unable to move a muscle below his shoulders, but since he found he could stand his legs have become stronger and he has better control over all his muscles. He is to have a Christmas party, and his mother, who has been his nurse since he left the hospital a year ago, has dressed a big Christmas tree for him.

Last night Mr. John Schepp, a neighbor, presented to him a silk quilt with the names of four hundred young women of New Rochelle embroidered on it. Each girl embroidered her own name and paid 19 cents for the privilege. The money was given with the quilt.

Waldorf Miller's case has attracted much attention. He has had letters from many victims of accidents similar to his, and has sent Christmas greetings to them all. John M. Zimmer, of Irwin, Iowa, wrote:

I read of your accident in a paper, and, as given there, your experience, up to a certain point, was exactly like my own. I had my spine injured while diving, and was immediately helpless from my neck down. The doctor told me I could not live, but I promised him I would, and did. Finally they removed the broken pieces of bone from the fifth and sixth cervical vertebrae, and I began to use my hand, the left one, and move my legs and toes, and have improved a little gradually ever since. This happened seven years ago.

Walter B. Lawrence, of No. 44 Woodland avenue, Summit, N. J., who broke his neck in August, 1911, and is now able to walk a little, has exchanged experiences with young Miller. Miller's letter to Dr. Faulkner, of No. 206 King street, Kingston, N. C., who broke his neck diving in April, 1911, has cheered the young physician so that there is hope for his recovery. Dr. Faulkner, who up to a short time ago was unable to move, according to his letters, has improved greatly. He has no use of his hands, and his nurse, Miss Etta Mae Newton, writes his letters.

Nearly every letter Miller receives from fellow victims contains questions about his symptoms and how the results are being attained. Miller tells them all that the chief causes of his improvement are constant cheerfulness and a determination to get well.

### BLEASE FREES 79 MORE; HIS RECORD NOW 509

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.] Columbia, S. C., Dec. 24.—Seventy-nine South Carolina convicts, their crimes ranging from murder to obtaining money under false pretences, walked out of the state penitentiary and county jails to-day, the beneficiaries of pardons and paroles by Governor Cole L. Blease. In addition, three life terms were commuted to ten years.

The Governor's action, which brings his record for the two years of his administration to 509 cases, made a record for one day in South Carolina, the number set free being more than twice that liberated by any previous Governor.

The list includes seventeen murderers, two of the cases being commutations and the others pardons and paroles; twenty-nine men convicted of manslaughter and serving long terms; seven convicted of larceny, five under sentence for housebreaking and larceny, nine imprisoned for assault and battery, one bigamist, two rapists, two convicted of arson, five under long sentences for burglary, one for highway robbery, one for obtaining money under false pretences and one for violation of the dispensary law.

Seventy of the men released were paroled; full pardons were granted to six and three received commutations. Forty-three of the recipients of the Governor's holiday generosity were confined in the state penitentiary, and the others at the county jails.

Probably the most interesting case was that of Chester Kennedy, of Barnwell, convicted of murder. It was on the charge that he had hired two negroes to shoot an enemy during carnival week in Barnwell that Kennedy was convicted. Both the negroes were given life sentences. The Governor gave as his reason for pardoning Kennedy the alleged differences in the statements of the two negroes alleged to be Kennedy's tools.

Another notable case was that of Robert Chestnut, a prominent citizen of Orangeburg, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to fifteen years. He was granted a parole during good behavior. Domestic troubles were given as the cause of the killing.

It had been expected that the Governor would exercise the pardoning power freely to-day, and there was little surprise when the list of pardons was sent over to the office of the Secretary of State to be transmitted to the penitentiary and the jails. In few instances did Governor Blease give his reasons for the pardons, but he is expected to do so in his pardon report to the Legislature at its next session in January.

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